Prince What wouldſt thou thinke of me if I ſhould weep?

Poynes I woulde thincke thee a moſt princely hypocrite.

Prince It would bee euery mans thought, and thou arte a bleſſed felow, to thinke as euery man thinkes, neuer a mans thought in the world, keepes the rode way better then thine, euerie man would thinke me an hypocrite indeede, and what accites your moſt worſhipfull thought to thinke ſo?

Poynes Why becauſe you haue been ſo lewd and ſo much engraffed to Falſtaffe. *Prince* And to thee.

Poyne By this light I am well ſpoke on, I can heare it with mine owne eares the worſt that they can ſay of me is that I am a ſecond brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands, and thoſe two things I confeſſe I cannot helpe: by the maſſe here comes Bardolfe.

Enter Bardolfe and boy.

Prince And the boy that I gaue Falſtaffe, a had him from me Chriſtian, and looke if the fat villaine haue not transformd him Ape.

Bard. God ſaue your grace.

Prince And yours moſt noble Bardolfe.

Poynes Come you vertuous aſſe, you baſhfull foole, muſt you be bluſhing, wherefore bluſh you now? what a maidenly man at armes are you become? iſt ſuch a matter to get a pottle-pots maidenhead?

Boy A calls me enow my Lord, through a red lattice, and I could diſcerne no part of his face from the window, at laſt I ſpied his eies, and me thought he had made two holes in the ale wiues peticote and ſo peept through.

Prince Has not the boy profited?

Bard. Away you horſon vpright rabble, away.

Boy Away you raſcally Altheas dreame, away.

Prince Inſtruct vs boy, what dreame boy?

Boy Mary my lord, Althear dreampt ſhe was deliuered of a firebrand, and therefore I call him her dreame.

Prince A crownes worth of good interpretation there tis boy.

Poines

Poines O that this bloſſome could be kept fro
well, there is ſixpence to preſerue thee.

Bard. And you do not make him hangd among y
lowes ſhall haue wrong.

Prince And how doth thy maſter Bardolfe?

Bard. Well my Lord, he heard of your graces c
towne, theres a letter for you.

Poynes Deliuerd with good reſpect, and how do
tlemaſſe your maſter?

Bard. In bodily health ſir.

Poynes Mary the immortall part needes a phiſiti
moues not him, though that be ſicke, it dies not.

Prince I do allow this Wen to be as familiar wit
dogge, and he holds his place, for looke you how h

Poynes Iohn Falſtaffe Knight, euery man muſ
as oft as he has occaſion to name himſelfe: euen lik
are kin to the King for they neuer pricke their fing
ſaye, theres ſome of the Kings bloud ſpilt: how
(ſaies he) that takes vppon him not to conceiue the
ready as a borowed cap: I am the Kings poore co

Prince Nay they will be kin to vs, or they will f
Iaphet, but the letter, Sir Iohn Falſtaffe knight, to t
the king, neareſt his father, Harry prince of Wales,

Poynes Why this is a certificate.

Prince Peace.
I will imitate the honourable Romanes in breuitie.

Poynes He ſure meanes breuity in breath, ſhort
I commend mee to thee, I commend thee, a
thee, be not too familiar with Poynes, for he miſ
uours ſo much, that he ſweares thou art to mary his
repent at idle times as thou maiſt, and ſo farwel.

Thine by yea, and no, which is as much
thou vſeſt him, Iacke Falſtaffe with
Iohn with my brothers and ſiſters, a
with all Europe.

Poynes My Lord, Ile ſleep this letter in ſacke an